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A Gipsy's Conversion.

(Joseph Woodhouse, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Perhaps few pages in Gipsy Smith's life of himself are more thrilling than the pages which relate to the conversion of his father, Cornelius Smith.

This great event took place in a mission hall at Latimer Road, Shepherd's Bush. For a long time the burden of sin had been unbearable to him, and having heard of the services held at this hall he went, tell-

ing his children as he left the van, 'I shall not come again until I am converted.'

As Cornelius Smith entered the hall the people were singing Cowper's great hymn, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' The chorus of it ran: 'I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me.' At that moment it seems as though the Holy Spirit fell upon him.

Speaking of it afterwards he said, 'It seemed as if I was bound in a chain, and they were drawing me up to the ceiling.' For nearly half-an-hour he remained unconscious, 'wallowing and foaming,' on the floor.

On coming to himself he stood up, and, 'leaping joyfully,' exclaimed, 'I am converted.'

The reality of that passing from 'death unto life' is proved by a most remarkable life in the service of Jesus Christ.

The same night, having called his children about him, his son writes, 'he put his arms as far round the five of us as they would go, kissing us all, and before we could understand what had happened, he fell on his knees and began to pray.'

Again and again during the night he sang, 'I do believe, I will believe that Jesus died for me.' When morning came a great joy was still within him. Once more there was family worship, and while he was praying, 'God told him he must go to the other gipsies that were encamped on the same piece of land,'

At once, obedient to the Divine voice, he went and told them what God had done for him. The result is given so simply in the memoir in these graphic words:—'Many of them wept. Turning towards his brother Bartholomew's van he saw him and his wife on their knees.

'The wife was praying to God for mercy, and God saved them then and there. The two brothers, Bartholomew and my father, then commenced a prayer-meeting in one of the tents, and my brother and elder sister were brought to God. In all thirteen gipsies professed to find Christ that morning.'

If William Cowper had never written a line of poetry in addition to that hymn which the Spirit of God has used so often to bring sinners to Christ, he would have conferred an untold blessing upon the Christian Church.

The truth the hymn makes real, and set to verses so sweetly musical, is the Divine fact alone suited to heal hearts troubled and burdened with sin.

I like the hymn so much myself that I am putting one or two verses of it at the close of this brief account of the conversion of Cornelius Smith, that all who read the story here may see what it was that wrought so wonderful a change in the gipsy's life. But you must not forget that God used the words to bring the penitent to himself. And the angels in heaven would rejoice if you were to wash in this fountain filled with blood now.

'There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.'

It Is Curious Who Give.

'It's curious who give. There's Squire Wood; he's put down $2; his farm's worth $10,000, and he's money at interest, And thar's Mrs. Brown; she's put down $5; and I don't believe she's had a new gown in two years, and her bonnet ain't none of the newest, and she's them three grandchildren to support since her son was killed in the army; and she's nothing but her pension to live on. Well, she'll have to scrimp on butter and tea for a while but she'll pay it. She just loves the cause; that's why she gives.'

These were the utterances of Deacon Daniel after we got home from church the day pledges were taken for contributions to foreign missions. He was reading them off, and I was taking down the items to find the aggregate. He went on:

'There's Maria Hill, she's put down $5; she teaches in the North district and she don't have but $20 a month, and pays her board; and she has to help support her mother. But when she told her experience the time she joined the church, then I knew the Lord had done a work in her soul, and where he works you'll generally see the fruit in giving. And there's John Baker; he put down $1; and he'll chew more than that worth of tobacco in a fortnight. Cyrus Tunning, $4. Well, he'll have to do some extra painting with the crippled hand, but he'll do it, and sing the Lord's songs while he's at work. C. Williams, $10. Good for him. He said the other night to prayer meeting that he had been reading his Bible more than usually lately. Maybe he read about the rich young man who went away sorrowful and didn't want to be in his company.'—'The Advance.'

How American Children in China are Tempted.

(E. W. M., in 'Sunday-School Times.')

If those at home could realize the influence that is exerted on the impressionable mind of the child by the sights he daily witnesses in a heathen country (especially when living, as we do, right with the people, and not shut away in a snug little house and compound of our own), they would not be so quick to criticize a mother for leaving her child in America for Christian training, nor would they stab the mother-heart, as some did mine, by saying, 'I do not understand how you can do it, but then I love my children, and am so devoted to them.'

One day my little boy of five slipped out of the yard unobserved, and ran off to the temple near by, where he was soon found by the 'house-boy.' He brought back with him a bunch of incense sticks which he wished to have lighted. A few days after he was missed again, as it is impossible to keep the gate closed with so many sick and well constantly going and coming. This time also he was found at the temple with his hands full of bright-colored paper and incense sticks that he told his sister had been given to him because he bowed to the idols. I was grieved and amazed, and talked very seriously to him about it, and how wrong it was. He did not answer, but soon after said to his sister, 'Father and mother do not think so, but it is the proper thing to worship idols.'

The most he had ever seen that he had thought worth seeing was the display in connection with idol processions, or the cheap show of a petty official's retinue.

You Will Never Be Sorry

You will never be sorry for serving God; you may be sorry for almost everything else. Says Joseph Berry:

'There are men and women who declare their regret at almost every step in life they have taken. I could find married people who would tell you they wished they had never married, and single people who would tell you they wished they had; I could find carpenters who would say, "The worst trade you could put a boy at is a carpenter's;" and the doctors who would say, "Better be a chimney-sweep than a doctor." I could find a chimney-sweep who could say, "Better be anything than a chimney-sweep; mine is the dirtiest trade going." Now I am going to throw out a challenge: Will some one find me a person who will say, "I wish I had never loved Christ?" Blessed be God, you can't do it; the consecrated life bears the test of experience. He saved me when I was a lad and I began to preach the Gospel when I was sixteen. He is the friend who has never failed me, who has never left me, who has come close in trouble, and been nearest and dearest to me when I needed him most.'—'Gospel News.'

Mail Bag.

Stella, Ont.

Dear Sir,—Our Sunday-school likes the 'Messenger,' and have undertaken to supply every family in the congregation with a copy. Many thanks for the good little paper, for I think it gives many a pleasant hour to its readers. I wish many more of our people would take it.

Yours truly,
WM. FLEMING.

Bentick, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—I enclose two dollars; send us ten copies of the 'Messenger' for next year. We don't need all these, for our school is getting very small now, but I give away those that are left to strangers. As a tribute of praise for your little paper, the 'Messenger,' allow me to say we have had sample copies of many Sunday-school papers sent us asking us to try them, but there is more solid reading in one copy of the 'Messenger' than in three or four of the general run of Sunday-school papers either from Toronto or Chicago. A man persuaded me to try '—— 'for this year, but I don't like it so well as the 'Witness.' I shall be with you again next year.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES JACKSON.

Lawrence, N.S.

The 'Northern Messenger' is such a sweet little paper, I think its weekly visit will be very helpful to a 'shut-in.'

Respectfully,
(MRS.) I. NEWCOMBE.

River John, N.S.

Gentlemen,—I still want the paper. I always read it with delight. The 'Messenger' has come to my children for over thirty years. My daughter takes it in Boston for her children, and wrote how familiar is 'Daph and Her Charge,' and how well she remembered it. I remember the 'Shark headlight' and 'Both Sides of the Street,' and wish you would reprint them, also 'Strike for the Right.' They were so good and helpful.

With best wishes, yours,
ISABELLA CARRUTHERS.

New Glasgow, Jan. 9, 1904.

Gentlemen,—Thanking you very much for the handsome Bible you so kindly sent me. It was quite unexpected, I assure you. For many years we have enjoyed the reading of the 'Witness' and 'Messenger.' I will certainly try to encourage others to subscribe for them, as I have done in the past. Again thanking you and wishing you a good and prosperous year for 1904,

Yours sincerely,
W. D. CHISHOLM.

The Savings of a Nine-year-old.

(Addison P. Foster, D.D., in 'Sunday-School Times.')

A few years ago, in an out-of-the-way neighborhood down in Texas, a Sunday-school was organized. It was held in a new schoolhouse, where no religious service had ever been held before, and where there had never been a successful effort at establishing a Sunday-school. Five denominations were represented, and, when the officers were chosen, one was selected from each denomination.

The school was the outgrowth of a little boy's savings. In the summer of 1881 a lady in Springfield, Massachusetts, lost her only son, only nine years of age, and yet a child of manly, Christian spirit. He had deposited a little sum of money in the savings-bank, and this his heart-broken mother felt could not be put to better use than to establish a memorial Sunday-school. The sum of twenty-seven dollars was accordingly given to a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, Mr. W. H. Gill. With the money there was organized, about September of the same year, the union Sunday-school already mentioned, at Gibson, Lamar County, Texas. It was called, in memory of the little boy, the Edward Memorial Mission.

What were the results of this gift? The school steadily grew in numbers and interest. Presently two other schools were organized as branches, and out of these schools in time were developed two large churches of two different denominations. In the meantime revival meetings were held from winter to winter in connection with the original school, and the mother who sent in the gift was cheered by frequent reports of the work, made to her either by the missionary or the superintendent of the school. This continued for eleven years, during which time a hundred and twenty-one persons were definitely reported as having found Christ in this Sunday-school, while very many more had become Christians.

The twenty-seven dollars saved up by a boy of nine was responsible for three Sunday-schools, two churches, and scores of souls brought to the Master. Was it not seed sown on good ground, bearing a hundredfold?

The Good Treasurer.

An American exchange contains the following description of a church treasurer, 'He is the most useful man in our church. He does not work in the Sabbath school, nor help in the prayer-meeting, but no elder, not even the pastor, does more to promote the interests of the congregation. When he finds one growing delinquent he seeks a personal interview with him, explains the importance of promptness in all payments, quiets his complaints if he is a murmurer, removes his hard feelings, and soothes his spirit if disaffected over anything. When one has determined to square up his accounts and leave the church for some grievance, he has been known to talk him out of it, dissuade him from his purpose and send him home well contented.' How many of our churches have a man answering to this description?

BOYS AND GIRLS

Presto! Change!

'Here she comes, girls! Now, let's give it to her!'

'All right, come on! We'll teach her that a pauper can't come into a private school and set herself up above everybody!'

'Ah, good morning, mademoiselle!' called an impertinent voice, and one of the girls left the group to bow toward a shy little figure, which approached slowly. 'Just from Paris, aren't you? One can tell that by your dress.'

The others looked at each other and then laughed scornfully, as another cried:

'We must get rid of our hats and send over for hoods. Have they any more at home like yours, my dear?'

'Shawls, too!' laughed a third. 'A nice granny's shawl, with openwork embroidery over the right arm! My! just look at the style. We'll have to leave the school, girls. None of us can come up to that!'

The boys who stood near joined in a chorus of laughter as the little figure faltered, then came steadily on, with downcast eyes, pale face, and quivering lips.

'I can't understand,' cried the first one who had spoken, 'how a young lady who spends so much time with her toilet has any left to devote to history. If it were French, now'—

'Fashion plates!' shouted another.

'Yes, French fashion plates—one could understand her knowledge of that; but plain hist—'

The bell rang, cutting the sentence off short. Everyone turned to answer the summons, and poor little Amy Lawrence stole in behind them. As they were leaving the cloak room one of the girls whispered—loud enough for her to hear:

'Be sure and leave a hook for the latest Parisian novelty, girls!'

Amy's faded shawl caught a few tears in its limp folds before the hurt little creature sought her desk and hid her face behind an open book.

The conduct of Miss Norton—teacher of the very select little school—was a study all through the day. None of the pupils were able to understand it. She was unusually severe with them in every way; so much so that the favored clique forgot all about little Amy, and at the close of the session gathered to comment upon the manner of their teacher.

The truth is, Miss Norton was having a little battle of her own. She had noticed the way in which the children of her rich and well-to-do patrons were behaving toward her one little pupil from poverty's depths. In many ways she had tried to change all this without direct reference to it. But the cruel words of the morning had been overheard by Miss Norton, and she felt that the time had come for her to act.

Upon the other side of the matter it was this way: the young teacher was supporting her mother and helping to educate her younger sister, and she feared to anger the patrons of her little school. If they should take the children away from her and send them elsewhere what could she do?

So all through the day she was thinking, thinking. Her heart was very sore for poor little Amy, and she was seriously vexed, not only with those who had spoken the cruel words, but with those who had encouraged by their laughter. Still the day went by and the matter was not referred to.

School over, the troubled teacher hastened home and told her mother all about it. 'I felt that I must ask your permission, dearest,' she said, 'for while you do as much for me, in looking after our little home and helping with my clothes, as I do for you, still I don't want to do anything that may take away our income for a time, unless you sympathize. But I'd rather go out as a servant than to encourage such cruelty by keeping quiet. What do you say, mother?'

'I agree with you, Marie. The children should be punished. That's not the way boys and girls should act.'

'Thank you, mother,' said Miss Norton, with flashing eyes. Then she buttoned on her gloves again and went out. When she returned—late for supper—her cheeks were flushed and her eyes shone.

Next morning the teacher was in the schoolroom a good half hour ahead of the usual time. As she opened the door a delivery waggon drove up and a trunk was brought in. The trunk was opened by Miss Norton, who sorted the contents carefully, closed it again, and pushed it a little nearer to her desk. She then laid a parcel of letters beside her bell and made ready for the day's trial.

The hour came for the session to open, children's voices were without, Miss Norton rang the bell, and as the scholars entered sly glances were cast to see if the teacher were in the same severe mood. Each was greeted with the usual good morning, but not one received a smile. Little Amy was not there.

After the opening exercises Miss Norton spoke to the school:

'I want the attention of all,' she said. 'This is a very serious matter which I must bring before you. I am disappointed in you—in every one of you.' She waited a moment and looked, one after another, into each face. 'You have all been guilty of cruelty. There is a little girl in this school—she is not here to-day; I asked her to remain at home for one day, and I shall go and give her the lessons privately this afternoon—to whom you are cruel. Through no fault of her own she is obliged to wear plain clothes; and through no merit of any one here, you are all able to wear nice ones. You did not buy them; you could not earn them. All that comes to you comes through the goodness of your parents and friends.

'This other little girl has only a half-sick mother, for whom she does all that she can out of school hours. The little thing begs to stay out of school because you all make her suffer so much when she comes; but her mother will not permit this. It is the one dream of her life that her little girl shall have a better education than she could have. So the small one has to come. And she proves herself worthy, because, as you all know, she does better work than any of you, and bids fair to win the prize of one hundred dollars which Judge Moreland has been so kind as to offer to the best scholar in history.

'Now, in order that you may know what it is to be poorly dressed, I have borrowed some clean, every-day suits from the orphanage, which I shall ask you each to put on this morning—going one by one into your respective cloak rooms. You will wear them all day. If at the close of the school you are not ready to correct your behaviour toward our little fellow pupil you shall dress each day in these suits and continue to do so until you become gentle in heart.

'There is no appeal. I visited all of your parents yesterday after school, and have here notes from each one, giving me authority to enforce this command. Agnes Holland, as you were first to begin the unkind taunts of yesterday morning, you will go first, to the girls' dressing-room, change your clothes quickly, and come out. John Halliday, as you are the largest boy in school—one whom we have a right to expect will be manly and chivalrous to those who need and suffer, yet who, I regret to say, stood by and laughed while the heart of our little pupil was so cruelly wounded—you will take this suit and go—first among the boys—into their dressing-room, change your clothes quickly and return. Agnes! John! I give you ten minutes. For every minute thereafter you shall receive a mark for misdemeanor.' Slowly, reluctantly, the two went forward, took the course blue jean suits, the heavy shoes, and went into the dressing-room. No one laughed. It was too serious a matter. Miss Norton waited ten minutes, then tapped at the doors, and sent the unwilling victims forth.

'Emily Huntington, Harry Reynolds, you two are to go next.'

'I am not going,' said Emily.

'Then you leave the school,' said Miss Norton, firmly. 'Your father and mother both assure me that they will either send or bring you back, and will see to it that you obey!'

Emily went sobbing into the dressing-room.

After a little the change in the whole school had been effected, and the real work of the day began. When intermission arrived no one left the desks. In fact, not one of them all was willing to risk being seen by the passersby.

The session never seemed as long as it did that day, and both teacher and pupils were more than glad when it was over. At last the bell struck for dismissal, then John Halliday arose, came forward, and said:

'Miss Norton, I—I beg your pardon. I—don't want to be a bully; I want to be a gentleman. I—never—was so ashamed in all my life. I—promise you that—that I—that I won't do the—the like again as long as I live. And—and I'm glad you were so—so good and brave as—as to do it!'

The others followed. There were a good many sobs from the girls, and solemn looks upon boyish faces. The next day Miss Norton herself went for Amy, and the two came up to the school in company, amid pleasant greeting upon all sides. No one spoke of the matter. Everyone was quite content to let it rest. Dear little Amy had not known why her mother kept her from school that day; she wondered at the kindness of her schoolfellows, and was very glad of heart. The days went on, but there was never another need for borrowing the trunkful of blue jean suits!—'Waif.'

Dorothy's New Friend

(Clara Sherman, in the 'Christian Register.')

Once upon a time—that time was last year—there was a small girl named Dorothy. She never had grumpy fits, which are so disagreeable in small girls—or in anybody else, for that matter; she almost always wished to play the very thing the other girls chose; and she was not a bit snubby to her brother when he could not find his cap. She even said once that she didn't blame him for wearing it in the house, for then he knew where it was, and had it handy—which shows just what sort of a girl she was. Of course everybody liked her, and she always had good times.

There were two girls in the private school where Dorothy went who were not one bit like her. They had the queerest notions you ever heard of—that is, they thought the things they did were the only things worth doing, and the people they knew were the only people worth knowing; and they tried to make Dorothy feel the same way. She didn't, however. She couldn't help liking bright little Nora Hennessey, for instance, whose father was a janitor in a big apartment house, much better than she did Florence Harris, who lived on the first floor of the same building.

'I think Nora is just lovely,' she said one day to Laura. 'She knows more games than any of us.'

'But, oh, Dorothy,' Laura said very solemnly. 'Don't you know Florence's father is a great lawyer, and Nora's father is a janitor?'

Then Dorothy came as near being cross as she ever did.

When May came, Dorothy's mother could never rest until she had opened the country house in Linton; and the family always enjoyed the springtime there. Dorothy came to the city every day for her school, leaving on the eight o'clock train and returning at two.

One morning Laura and Priscilla Talbot, the two girls I just spoke about, met her with a piece of news.

'You are in luck, Dorothy,' said Laura. 'The Dinsmores, Governor Dinsmore, you know, have taken a house out at Linton, and you will surely meet Genevieve there. I am just crazy to see her, for she has been in Europe two years, and she is exactly the sort of girl we ought to know. I just envy you.'

'Yes,' chimed in Priscilla, 'you can get to know her ever so well out there; and then, when they come to the city next winter, we'll know her through you. See?'

'Now, Dorothy', said Laura, warningly, 'don't you go picking up any queer friends there who will spoil you for Genevieve. Of course, she's particular whom she associates with.'

Dorothy didn't like that. 'I guess Miss Genevieve needn't associate with me if she doesn't like. I've a friend out there now, and she's worth a dozen of your Genevieves.'

'Who is she?' asked Laura, curiously.

'She isn't anybody in particular, I guess,' said Dorothy, doubtfully. 'Her first name is Jennie, and I guess her last name is Graham, for she lives on the old Graham place. Her hair is cury and rather red, and she wears it in a big, thick braid. I never saw her dressed up, and she most always has on brown gingham aprons. She lives over the hill from us, and she can run and climb, and she isn't afraid of cows or anything, and—'

'Oh, a regular farmer girl,' said Priscilla, scornfully. 'Brown gingham aprons! She's somebody who lives there all the year round, of course.'

'Don't expect us to be nice to her, that's all,' said Laura with a laugh. 'I hope to meet Genevieve when we go out there next Saturday.'

'Oh, I'm looking forward to it, too,' said Dorothy, eagerly. 'I want to show you the barn and the brook and everything. It seems five years since we were out there last summer and I think it's lovelier than ever.'

Before Saturday came, Dorothy and the new friend had become much better acquainted. They played at housekeeping in the clump of fir trees behind the barn, and had the most wonderful tea parties there. They climbed the oak tree to hang up bags of nuts for the birds; and they built harbors in the brook, regardless of the fact that the water was so cold it made their fingers ache. Jennie came every afternoon to play with Dorothy, because that saved so much time. When Dorothy had finished her luncheon after coming out from the city, the afternoon was half gone, but if Jennie met her at the turn of the road, or, better still, at the little station, they could begin playing at once and make the most of the daylight.

Saturday came, and Laura and Priscilla with it. Dorothy met them when the 11 o'clock train came in, and they had a jolly time before luncheon exploring the grove, trying the new tennis court, and admiring Dorothy's contrivances for making the trees near the house attractive to the birds. As they were eating their luncheon, Laura began:

'Oh, Dorothy! I forgot to tell you something very important. Mamma met Mrs. Dinsmore yesterday, and she said they were quite settled in their house here now, and that they should call on your mother very soon.'

'Yes, mamma called there last week,' said Dorothy.

'Well,' Laura went on, 'mother told her we girls were to be here to-day, and asked if Genevieve mightn't come over while we were here, and she said she thought that it would be very pleasant. So, perhaps they will come this afternoon.'

Dorothy didn't care much about Genevieve Dinsmore, for she had formed rather a disagreeable idea of the young lady, and she did not even know where they lived. She thought that it would be much jollier if Jennie would come, but hadn't dared to ask her, fearing she might come in her brown apron and arouse Laura's amusement.

After a game of croquet, the girls sat down on the stone wall half way up the hill. 'Let's watch for Genevieve Dinsmore,' said Laura. 'I can imagine just how she looks. She is probably tall and slender like her mother, and I shouldn't wonder if she wore a lace boa like those big girls have, all fluffy, you know.'

'Oh,' said Dorothy, giggling. 'And don't you think she'll wear kid gloves and have her hair done up?'

'Why, yes, she might,' answered Laura, quite seriously. 'Of course, she'll come in a carriage; for the Dinsmore's have three horses, you know.'

Dorothy was about to say she didn't know and didn't care, when a plump and bright-faced little girl came running along the stone wall over the brow of the hill, swinging her brown straw hat carelessly on her arm. When she saw Dorothy, she uttered a clear, shrill, bird-note, stopped for a moment to pick up the ribbon that had dropped from her thick braid, and then came somewhat more sedately toward the group.

'This is my friend Jennie,' said Dorothy politely. Jennie seemed a little shy at first with the strangers, which was not to be wondered at, considering the extreme coldness of their greeting.

It is not a nice thing to say, but the truth is that Laura and Priscilla were positively disagreeable to Jennie. Dorothy tried her best to make things pleasant, but they put on their stiffest company manners, and assumed a dignity quite oppressive to the other two.

Poor Dorothy felt quite ashamed of both of them, and after a little while she proposed a walk to the bubbling spring, which she considered one of the sights of the neighborhood. She and Jennie took the lead, while the other two dragged on behind.

'What's the matter with your fine friends?' asked Jennie, laughingly, when the others could not hear. 'I am afraid they don't like me, and I guess I had better go home.'

Dorothy did not answer immediately, and Jennie, looking at her, saw that her eyes were full of tears. 'I don't see what makes them so queer,' she said, hurriedly. 'They are nice enough most of the time.'

'Don't mind—oh, please don't,' said Jennie, comfortingly. 'Truly, I don't care a bit. I think it is simply funny. They are your company, anyway, and you have just got to be polite and I will come again when they have gone.'

Things brightened up after that, however. Laura and Priscilla felt a little ashamed of themselves, of course. 'I'd just as soon play with her all day,' said Laura, complainingly, as she walked toward the spring with Priscilla, 'if it would not spoil things when Genevieve Dinsmore comes. She is a countrified-looking little thing, and she hasn't a bit of style; but she might be good fun.'

When they saw that Dorothy was really troubled, they exerted themselves to make things pleasanter, and for half an hour the girls stayed together, and even Laura melted honestly in the sunshine of Jennie's fun and Dorothy's hospitable endeavors. However, when Jennie spoke of going to her home they made no effort to detain her, and Dorothy reluctantly said goodbye to the friend whom this trying afternoon had somehow helped to bring nearer and make dearer.

'You weren't very nice to my friend at first,' she said reproachfully, when Jennie was out of sight.

Laura laughed. 'Well, I was afraid that Genevieve Dinsmore might come, and she might think us a lot of country girls together.'

'Yes, we had a good time afterwards; but I think Jennie understood,' said Dorothy, rather sadly. 'She told me she had meant to ask you girls to her home, but

she supposed you wouldn't care to come.'

As the girls approached the house Dorothy's mother came down the steps with another lady.

'Here are the girls, Mrs. Dinsmore,' she said; and she introduced all three to the lady, who spoke kindly to them, telling Laura that she had seen her mother only the day before.

'But where is Jennie?' she went on.

'She told me she was coming over here to spend the afternoon with Dorothy. I have heard of Dorothy morning, noon and night for the last week, and Jennie has been very impatient for me to see her new friend.'

Dorothy was a quick-witted little girl, and she managed to explain that Jennie had started for home. Poor Laura and Priscilla had not much to say. To find that Jennie and Genevieve were one and the same person, and that they had been rude and indifferent to the very girl they wished most to know, was a hard lesson at the time; but it did them good, for they could not help seeing that, after all, a girl is good for just what she is herself, and not for what she has.

Be Courteous, Boys.

'I treat him as well as he treats me,' said Hal. His mother had just reproved him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

'I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me,' said Hal again.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Oh! I don't mind; I don't stay long.'

'I should call myself a very selfish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them.'

'Well, that's different; you are grown up.'

'Then, you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?'

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke: 'A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatmen of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.' And very earnestly the father added: 'Remember this, my boy: You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down.'—'Well-Spring.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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The Other Miss Gresham

(Mabel Earle, in 'The Wellspring.)

Hortensia sat with the letter on her lap, gazing at her Greek lexicon for exactly seven minutes after she had read the signature. Then she rose and walked deliberately down the hall to the principal's room. It was part of her ideal of herself that she should never waste a minute's time, and never be in a hurry.

'In one moment, Miss Gresham,' the principal said, as she entered. 'There are so many things to attend to at the close of the term. Let me see—sixth, ninth, and thirteenth. Give the man those dates, and telegraph Mr. Whitcroft about his niece. Now, Miss Gresham?'

'I have come to tell you that I must go home at once,' Hortensia said, resolutely, though her lips trembled. 'It is absolutely necessary, for my mother is obliged to leave home, and no other arrangement can be made for the children. I can provide a substitute if you wish, but I shall be obliged to leave at once, before the examinations.'

'This is unfortunate,' said the principal, with a frown. Hortensia disapproved of the frown; in fact, she disapproved of the principal, but as a loyal teacher she made no criticisms. 'There is no other arrangement possible?'

'None whatever,' Hortensia answered. In her heart she added, 'I said that before.'

'Very well, then, if it must be so. Can you return next term?'

'Probably not until fall.'

'Oh—h'm!' said the principal. 'Of course, we could not make any definite engagement so far ahead as that. Who is your substitute?'

'Miss Robinson, of the normal. She told me yesterday that she wanted such a position.'

'Miss Robinson? Excellent!' cried the principal. And when Hortensia left the room, she felt that she had given up her position for all time.

There was mourning among the girls when they learned that Miss Gresham was to leave the school. She was their favorite teacher, and their young adoration had added, in no small degree, to the charms of that idea which Hortensia cherished as the true image of herself. The girls crowded her room, and sat upon the bed and the floor while she packed her trunk. She set them an example of beautiful patience and filial tenderness, insomuch that some of them examined their lives ruthlessly on a charge of selfishness, and resolved to show more consideration for their parents henceforth. But a voice, scarcely audible to her own ears, was saying in Hortensia's heart, 'If only it had been some great duty, or some truly inspiring task! It would not be hard to give up everything and go home to care for an invalid mother, but this is so commonplace—so trying.'

Seven of the girls went with her, by special permission, to the train. They covered her lap with flowers and bonbons, and waved frantic farewells from the platform. Hortensia sighed as the train bore her away from them. She knew that she had been a definite influence for good in their young lives. They would find other helpers, but what work so beautiful and ennobling would open before her?

On the platform, at the end of her journey, her brother Fred, a tall boy of fifteen, was waiting, with an unusual brightness on his face. Hortensia did not see the brightness. She saw the awkward shoulders and the ungainly hands conscientiously kept out of his pockets.

'Hello, sis!' he called, eagerly, as she stepped from the train; 'give us your satchel. We'll have to run for the car.'

'Why, Fred!' she protested, 'you don't mean you came down here without the buggy?'

'I forgot, honest, till it was too late to hitch up,' he explained. Hortensia did not scold. She had always been very even-tempered with her trying brothers, but somehow all the brightness was gone from Fred's face by the time they reached the car.

It was not so bad, after all, in that first much-dreaded evening at home. The girls were so unmistakably glad to have her back, and the hurried mother so trustful and grateful, that Hortensia went up to her room at last with the feeling that there might be compensations in her sacrifice. But in the days which followed, burdened with household cares and harassed with childish annoyances, the halo about the brow of that Miss Gresham whom the academy girls adored as a saint was very thin and pale. The children, indeed, while they clung to their elder sister with very strong affection and family pride, had never suspected the existence of a halo. The last vestiges of it vanished one April morning when there was a raw wind, a smoking range, and a general combination of unfavorable circumstances. Portents of disaster might have been read upon Hortensia's brow as the family gathered at breakfast. But Fred, with his usual blundering cheerfulness, ignored the omens, and proudly laid two blue tickets beside his sister's plate.

'For you and me, to-night,' he explained. 'For me and my best girl—my very best.'

'Why, Fred,' she expostulated, 'you know I cannot bear stereopticon lectures!'

'But this one's different,' he said eagerly. 'The man travelled all through Africa himself, and took his own views, and he's a fine speaker, too—Professor Ford told me when he gave me the tickets.'

'Nevertheless, I am not going,' Hortensia said, coldly. She was inclined to congratulate herself that she bore the annoyance of Fred's rasping obtrusiveness so calmly. It did not occur to her until he had left the table that she had failed to thank him.

At the pantry door, twenty minutes later, she encountered small Mildred, who was apparently trying to smuggle something into a safe retreat upon the shelves.

'It's a cake,' Mildred announced, shyly, when forced to reveal it. 'Tommy and I made it yesterday when you were down town, and I kept it under my pillow all night, to surprise you—for your birthday. We made one once before, when 'mother showed us. I'm sorry this isn't so nice.'

Hortensia surveyed the crumbling, sodden mass in genuine dismay.

'It will do for the chickens,' she said at last, in tones of self-control. 'But it is very wasteful to spoil good materials so, Mildred. You must not try it again.'

Mildred went away, wiping teardrops furtively from her long lashes. She did not dream of blaming the beautiful sister

who had been so patient with her mistake. Hortensia had forgotten the matter completely by the time that another trial presented itself.

She stood at a table in the kitchen, pressing the linings of a waist which she was making over. She detested flatirons, and Bridget was objecting, silently but vigorously, to her presence in the kitchen. It was not an opportune occasion for thirteen-year-old Alice to dash in hurriedly, arrayed in Hortensia's prettiest French flannel waist.

'You'll not mind, will you, sister, just this one morning? I tore the sleeve of mine last night, and there isn't time to mend it, and yours just fits me.'

Hortensia never remembered exactly what she said. The saintly Miss Gresham of the academy would not have recognized it as being in her mother tongue. It made Bridget, who shared in the family reverence for Hortensia, retreat into the pantry with wide eyes of amazement.

'Sure, an' I never thought the likes of that was inside of her! Now, then, if she was a man an' that mad, it's big swear words I'd be hearing.'

'Go upstairs and put on your own waist at once,' Hortensia concluded. 'And never dare to go into my room again without permission.'

'But, sister, I'll be late—and I haven't been late this term—and I'll miss the prize'—protested the culprit, aghast.

'Do as I tell you!' said Hortensia. In ten minutes she heard the front door bang behind a deeply indignant Alice, and a feeling of compunction stole over her. It was true that the child had done wrong, but her own course did not seem entirely justifiable. Her cheeks burned over the memory of words and tones which Bridget had overheard.

Passing through the front hall shortly after, with the neatly-pressed linings over her arm, she found a letter for herself on the table. It bore the well-known postmark of the academy town, and she sighed as she took it into the sitting room. If she could only return to those appropriate surroundings, where her authority was never questioned, and where her temper was never assailed by open impertinence or clumsy attempts at helpfulness!

The letter contained a delicate web of lace, and was signed by the girls of the senior class. Hortensia had loved them dearly. Their little remembrance of her birthday touched and pleased her, while she smiled over the flowery phrases of their letter, knowing so well the girlish ardor that lay beneath them. But gradually, as she read, one sentence after another detached itself from the rest, piercing her consciousness with sharp, unmeant reproach:—

'You have made simple womanly goodness beautiful to us.

'You made us feel that even little, trivial things are the fair stones that build up happiness and character.

'We realize how much of added beauty there is in the faithfulness which took you away from the work you loved, to lend your patient helpfulness to the need of your own home. It will make us better women.'

Hortensia's face dropped against the sofa pillow, while hot tears fell on the meshes of the lace handkerchief! Patience and helpfulness, indeed! The little trivial things that build happiness and character! What if the record of this one morning were read out before the court which had given that verdict?

The next half hour was undoubtedly wholesome for Hortensia, but it was far from pleasant. She saw with painful vividness the long self-deception of her life. Which was the true Miss Gresham?—the woman whom the academy girls worshipped as a saint, or the sister who was failing so wretchedly in the use of the greatest opportunity?

'I should have recognized it, if it had only been a chance to give my life for them, or to nurse them through smallpox!' she told herself, bitterly. 'But just the everyday little things! the helping them by letting them try to help me—poor dears! That I should break down in the simplest little courtesies and kindnesses!'

At last she roused herself.

'The opportunity isn't all past yet,' she said. 'Not even this one wretched birthday.'

She went to the telephone and called up Fred at the office where he worked.

'I have decided that I want to go with you to-night, after all,' she told him. 'I had forgotten that this was my birthday, and I want to celebrate it. Will you take me?'

The answer that came back sent the warm color tingling over her cheeks and brow, till she glanced at herself in a mirror as she passed.

'Hortensia Gresham, what a "fright" you are!' she said. 'More light on the little things that make life beautiful!'

Perfect neatness, of course—Hortensia could not have been untidy. But the hair was strained back tightly from the forehead, and the morning wrapper, detested by all the children, was absolutely unrelieved in its sombre ugliness.

'We'll see about this,' she told herself, grimly, remembering that at the academy she had never thought it a waste of time to make herself and her room as dainty as possible. She threw open the shutters which made the sitting room dismal, and raised the cover of the piano, with another wholesome memory of Alice's feeble protests when she had begun to keep the instrument closed.

'She said I made the room look like a sepulchre. And she almost cried when I took that rug and the etchings up to my room. They are coming back here before she is home from school.'

When Alice did return, she paused at the door of the sitting room with a little cry of pleasure.

'How pretty it is!—and how sweet you look, Hortensia!'

Her hands were full of fragrant carnations. 'For a peace offering,' she whispered, coming close to Hortensia's chair. I was wrong. And you didn't make me late, after all. May Ford was on the car I took, and we made such a lovely plan for Saturday. I'm glad I had to wait.'

'And I was going to ask you to forgive me!' Hortensia said. Her sister laughed, and dropped a kiss on the bright waves of hair. 'You don't know how sweet you look,' she said again.

The atmosphere at dinner was different from that at breakfast. Alice's carnations graced the table; Fred blushed and smiled above the torturing collar he had donned in honor of the evening's entertainment; Mildred and Tommy dimpled into shy radiance as Hortensia told, with tender tact, of their loving plan for her birthday feast.

'The best housekeepers have failures with their cake sometimes,' she said; 'but we can all enjoy Mildred's in spirit; and the chickens are having a fine feast.'

As she came down the stairs, dainty and smiling, to meet her waiting escort, she overheard a whispered colloquy between Fred and Alice.

'Miss her at the academy?' Fred was saying. 'I reckon they do! But they don't half know what she is, anyway. I'd rather have her for a sister than a teacher.'

If We Had But a Day.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day!
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do!

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever the good God sent
With a trust complete!

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And be what the father would have us be,
If we had but a day!

—Mary Lowe Dickinson.

A Japanese, in the United States on business, found in his room in a New York hotel a copy of St. John's gospel; he became deeply interested in the account of the visit of Nicodemus to our Lord. He sought a Christian teacher, and before he returned to his country he became a Christian. To many thousands in similar ways the Scriptures have been the entrance into the kingdom of God.

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Reading to Mamma

(Miss Lucy A. Yendes, in 'New York Observer.')

'I wonder how I can make "Sunshine in the home,"' thought Harry Lane, after listening to a bright little woman who had been asked to talk on that subject in his school that day. Among other things, she had said:

'Don't wait for something big to do, but find the little things that will make a great many people happy, every day. Try to make your lives daily "Sunshine," for all you meet or live with. Never mind if you can't contribute money to the suffering in foreign lands; you can all and always do something right in your own homes to make somebody happier, to help some one be better, to make life seem far brighter and more worth living. Money is a good helper in "Sunshine" work; but a great deal can be done without it. You know the song that says of a smile: "It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent." And you can all smile, even when you can't do anything else to make things easier for some one. But don't let the smile end it, if you can do other things, too, for we can all lift a little on the load that the home-makers carry for us. We can help keep things bright and orderly in the home; and we can all find some part of the work that we can do, for it takes a great deal of work to keep even a small home in order and comfortable for us to stay in.'

Now Harry had reached 'home,' three little rooms over the corner grocery in their small village, and as he went in, he noticed how very orderly it all was, and how neat. The tiny kitchen, the sitting room, with its couchbed, where he slept, and his mother's bedroom, were all marvels of neatness.

Mrs. Lane was out, gone to the tailor's with her week's work, and she might have to wait an hour or more for her week's pay. She always took her bundle Friday afternoon, so as to have the money for Saturday's marketing.

'Just the thing,' said Harry aloud, as he bustled about in the house, getting things together for supper. 'She shan't carry that package any more. I'll tell her to have it ready when school's out, then I'll take it for her.'

He set the table, put the potatoes over to cook, water in the teakettle, and some on the coffee in the coffee pot, which he set to the back of the stove. Then he took up a book to read, but was so delighted with what he had done, for he hadn't been accustomed to hurrying home right from school nor to getting things ready for supper if his mother was out, although he was ready to help if she was there to start things, that he ran to the window to see if she was not in sight.

Yes, there she was, just turning the corner, a block away, and down stairs he rushed to meet her and carry her basket for her. How glad she was to see her sturdy nine-year-old son, and to hear him say, as he took the basket: 'Mamma, you ought to have waited for me, so I could help you carry the big bundle.' And how cheery it seemed, when they got upstairs to find the supper cooking, and everything so cosy.

'Now take off your things, mamma, and I'll put them away, while you lie down on the couch and rest.'

Surprised and pleased, Mrs. Lane did as she was requested, feeling glad of the unusual opportunity so offered, and Harry folded the worn shawl carefully, and put the rather shabby bonnet in its box. And then, after looking at the fire and the supper, he returned to the sitting room, and opening his reader, began to read over his Monday's lesson. His mother enjoyed this so much that he proposed to read aloud to her every evening, while she sewed, and as Mrs. Lane had but very little time for this form of pleasure, it made the evenings seem like the best part of the day for her. She selected the books and magazine articles, generally, and they talked about them as Harry read, each of them gaining interest and Harry's pleasure more than doubling when he saw how happy it made his mother.

Nor did that end it, for as he learned to keep his eyes open for opportunities, they multiplied, and he managed to keep a stock of bright, short articles ready, sometimes merely a good joke which he clipped from a newspaper, or some thing that he had written up from the day's happenings. Sometimes it was a new receipt for cooking some favorite or new dish, and they would try it together. Again, it might be only a bit of news from the daily paper; but he noticed how much lighter his mother's step was, how much brighter her eyes seemed; and when one day she said: 'Harry, you are a great comfort to me,' he felt glad that he had found out how to be such a good companion for his mother, by reading to her.

Are You Like Him?

I. Peter iii., 15.

'What church do you attend?' was once asked of a bright young fellow, doing business in one of our large cities.

'Oh, I just run around,' he answered, gaily. 'I don't understand the difference between the churches; in fact, there is a great deal in the Bible itself that I don't understand, and until I do, of course, I can't join any church.'

'How many hours a day do you spend studying this matter?' asked his questioner.

'Hours?' he repeated, in surprise.

'Well, then, minutes?'

The young man was dumb.

'Ah!' said his companion, with patient sadness, 'not one! If you thought a knowledge of geology necessary to your success in life or astronomy or shorthand, you would not think of spending less than one hour a day in its study, perhaps two, perhaps three; and you would not expect to know or understand it without that exertion. But the knowledge of God, of Jesus Christ, of salvation—the highest and deepest of all knowledge—you sit around and wait for, as if it would come like a flash of lightning.'—'Our Young Folks.'

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Daph understood his meaning but too well. She had hoped on, determinately; but now the hour of awful certainty had come, and she could not bear it. She gave one loud scream, and fell senseless on the floor. The wild yell that burst from the anguished heart of the negress, rang through the house, and Mrs. Ray and Mary were at the door in a moment, followed by the terrified children. Little Louise dropped down beside Daph, and began to cry piteously, while Charlie flew at Captain Jones like a young lion, loudly exclaiming, 'The naughty man has killed dear Daffy, and I'll punish him.'

While Mrs. Ray and Mary were making every effort to recall poor Daph to consciousness, Charlie continued his attack upon the captain, with sturdy foot, clenched hand, and sharp teeth, until the honest sailor was actually obliged to protect himself, by putting the child forcibly from the room, and firmly locking the door.

Perfectly infuriated, Charlie flew into the street, screaming, 'they've killed my Daffy!—the wicked, wicked man.'

Several persons gathered round the enraged child, and a young physician, who was passing, stopped to find out the cause of the disturbance. Charlie's words, 'She lies dead there!—the wicked man has killed her,' caught the attention of Dr. Bates, and he eagerly asked, 'Where, where, child?'

Charlie pointed towards the house, and the doctor entered, without ceremony, Charlie closely following him. His loud knock was answered by Captain Jones, whose cautious manner of unlocking the door seemed, to the young physician, a most suspicious circumstance.

Charlie no sooner caught sight of his enemy, than he leaped furiously upon him. The strong sailor received him in his muscular arms, and there held him, a most unwilling prisoner, while he watched the proceedings going on about poor Daph, and rendered assistance where he could.

Dr. Bates ordered her clothes to be instantly loosened, and then commanded Mrs. Ray to lay her flat on the floor, while he proceeded to apply his lancet to her arm.

While this process was going on, the clock on a neighboring steeple struck the hour of twelve. Captain Jones looked hastily at his great silver watch, and saw that it was indeed mid-day; and he had not a minute to spare, as the 'Martha Jane' was by this time quite ready to set sail, and only waiting for her captain.

He hurriedly placed a little parcel on the mantel-piece, and with one long, sorrowful look at poor Daph, and a hasty farewell to Mrs. Ray and the children, he left the house.

It was long before Daph returned to consciousness, and when her eyes once more opened they were wild with fever and anguish. She declared, however, that she was quite well, and would have no one about her; she longed to be alone to struggle with her great sorrow. The children would not leave her; but it was in

vain they tried their little expressions of tenderness, and begged her to look once more like their 'own dear Daffy.'

The sight of the unconscious orphans redoubled the grief of the poor negress, and she burst into a flood of tears. The poor children, overcome at this unwonted sight, sank down beside her, and mingled their tears with hers.

Mrs. Ray and the young doctor were sorely puzzled by the strange scenes they had witnessed. They had both seen the rich chains about Daph's neck, which had been disclosed while she was unconscious, and not a little wonder was excited by the sight of that expensive jewellery in such a place. Dr. Bates had not failed to observe the refined appearance of the fair Louise, and the noble bearing of little Charlie, contrasting as they did so strangely with the plainness of their humble home, and the unmistakable African face of the woman of whom they seemed so fond.

The wild agitation of Daph, the disappearance of the sun-browned stranger, the necklaces, the children, all tended to fill the mind of Dr. Bates with dark suspicion. He lingered about Daph as long as he could make any excuse for doing so, and when he reluctantly turned from the room, he did not leave the house without thoroughly questioning Mrs. Ray as to what she knew of her lodgers. Mrs. Ray had little to tell, except that they had been commended to her, three years before, by the same tall sailor whose appearance that day had created such a commotion. Of Captain Jones she could only say that he had been a messmate of her husband years before, and had always been reckoned an honest, kind-hearted man.

The questions put by Dr. Bates roused all the curiosity of Mrs. Ray, and revived the suspicions, with regard to Daph, which had been much in her mind during the early days of their acquaintance. Such thoughts had long since been banished by the honest, upright life of the kind-hearted, industrious negress, but now they rose with new strength.

She recalled the richly embroidered dresses in which the children sometimes appeared the first summer after their arrival, and she dwelt on the reluctance which Daph always exhibited to answering any questions as to her past life, or the circumstances attending her departure from her southern home.

These remembrances and suspicions she detailed to the willing ear of Dr. Bates, who was satisfied that he was on the eve of unravelling some tangled web of iniquity, and with slow and thoughtful steps he walked away from the humble home, so wrapped in mystery.

Once more left to herself, Mrs. Ray felt ashamed of having doubted poor Daph, and was half inclined to go to her and frankly own the misgivings the late occurrences had excited; but the thought of those strange circumstances again set her curiosity at work, and all right feeling was soon lost in an eager anxiety to find out the dark secret which hung like a dark cloud over the poor negress.

CHAPTER IX.

A MINISTERING SPIRIT.

Daph had been smitten by a blow too sudden and violent to rally immediately from its effects. Her strength and energy seemed forever gone. The hope which had upheld her had been stricken from her, and she knew not where to go for comfort.

'De great Lord has gib poor Daph up!' she said disconsolately; and, prostrate in mind and body, she lay on her lone bed, her eyes shut, and her soul all dark within.

It was now that Mary Ray had an opportunity of showing her deep gratitude for the unwearied kindness of her humble friend, she assumed the care of the children, and tried to keep them happy out of Daph's sight, and thoughtfully volunteered to go round herself to Daph's customers, to tell them that sickness had prevented her from preparing her usual supply.

All that Mary offered, Daph quietly accepted almost without opening her eyes.

Daph seemed to have no wants, and it was in vain that Mrs. Ray came in and out, and bustled about, putting the room in order, opening and closing the shutters, and making herself very busy, to no possible advantage. Daph did not notice her; her thoughts were far, far away.

In one of these visits, Mrs. Ray chanced to find the gold chain the captain had laid on the mantel-piece. This added fuel to her suspicions, and she felt justified in secreting it, and showing it to Dr. Bates, as a further proof of the mystery clinging to Daph.

Mrs. Ray's mind was in a most agitated state. Sometimes she was haunted with vague notions of some most awful crime committed by Daph, and then again the kind, truthful face of the negress would rise up before her, changing her suspicions into shame and self-reproach.

At such times she could not help feeling that only virtue and honesty could be at home in a heart capable of such generous forgiveness, and patient return of good for evil, as she had received from the now sorrow-stricken negress. These moments of relenting too soon, alas! were gone.

Daph was lying sad and alone, in the silent room, a few days after the visit of Captain Jones, when she heard a low tap at the door, followed by Mrs. Ray's loud voice, saying, 'Walk right in, Miss. She ain't much sick, to my notion, but she don't take no notice of anybody.'

Daph did notice the stranger who entered, and she even smiled sorrowfully as she looked up into the face of Rose Stuyvesant.

'We missed your nice cakes on the table, Daph,' said a soft voice, 'and when I heard you were sick, I determined to come and see you myself.'

These words of kindness from a refined and gentle woman, melted the heart of the suffering negress. She burst into tears as she exclaimed, 'O my sweet young lady! You speaks to poor Daph like her own dear missus used to!'

Rose Stuyvesant sat down beside the low bed that Mary had spread for Daph on the floor.

'Are you very sick, Daph?' she asked, tenderly.

'Daph is all dead here, and all dizzy here,' said the poor creature, laying her hand first on her heart, and then on her head. 'De great Lord has sent Daph a big trouble, and den gib her right up;' and the tears again flowed fast.

Rose bent over the unhappy negress, and said gently, 'The great Lord loves you too well, Daph, to give you up in your trouble. Perhaps he has sent me to comfort you!'

Daph looked up with a gleam of hope in her eye, and murmured, 'No reason why Daph shouldn't tell jus' all de truth now. Perhaps, if de sweet young lady knows all, she may comfort poor Daph up.'

'The Lord Jesus can comfort us in any trouble,' said Rose softly. 'What makes you so unhappy? Cannot you tell me'?

Daph looked long into the sweet face turned lovingly towards her, and then she said, 'De great Lord has sent almost an angel to poor Daph, and she shall hear it all.'

(To be continued.)

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Sir F. Lugard's Report on the North Nigeria Protectorate—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Japanese Home Finance—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Economic and Financial Condition of Russia—By George Kennan, in the 'Outlook,' New York.
A Peaceful State'—The 'Standard,' London.
Mr. Balfour at Manchester—English Papers.
A Reply to Mr. Pollard—Why I Will Not Vote for Mr. Chamberlain—By A. C Pigou, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Princess Mathilde—The 'Spectator,' London.
Wreckage and Brokerage—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Morning Post,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Some Recollections of the late J. L. Gerome—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Two Joans—The Inalienable Right of the Artist—The 'Nation,' New York.
Madame Antoinette Sterling—By E.A.B., in the 'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Rejoinder—Poem, by Amy M. Smith, in the 'Spectator,' London.
The Cry of the Dreamer—Poem, by John Boyle O'Reilly.
The Birth of Happy Thoughts—By Andrew Lang, in the 'Morning Post.'
The Little Red Dog—By W. H. Hudson, in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Three Chords of Love—By Dr. George Matheson, in the 'Christian World,' London.
M. Loisy and his Work—By A. L. Lilley, in the 'Daily News,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Rebirth of the Japanese Language and Literature—Stanhope Sams, in the American 'Review of Reviews.' Abridged.
Teaching English—Prof. Beers of Yale, on the Points at Issue—The New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Winter Bird Life—By C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Society, in the 'Tribune,' New York.
Science Notes.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Winning of Jim.

(Miss May Everett Glover, in New York 'Observer.')

'I just think it is too mean!' Ethel Cameron exclaimed, coming hastily into her brother's office and leaning against the desk where he was writing.

'Why, Pussy, what is wrong?' he asked looking up. 'Did the taffy burn, or have the people not got through with the last lot of all-day suckers?' he asked teasingly.

The Sunshine Society had been working hard for two months to raise money to send little crippled Bessie Haines away to a great doctor who it was thought could cure her. It was a large sum of money for them to attempt to earn, but they had gone to work. Frank had set the example by starting the next day to peddling vegetables, out of school hours, with a book tucked down in the corner of the cart so that he could peep at his lesson in odd moments. Some of the boys had regular customers for whom they cut kindling, carried water and ran errands. The girls tended babies, made fancy work and anything they could get to do, and at each meeting they were delighted to find how the money was growing. Ethel and Susie Winters, had been making taffy and sugar candy and selling, and the twelve dollars they had, represented a good many arm aches and burnt fingers.

'Come, Pussy, don't worry. I will see that you do not have any left on your hands,' her brother said, after waiting a few moments for Ethel to tell the cause of her trouble. He liked to tease, but he always helped her all he could, even to taking a lot of the taffy and selling to every one who came into his office.

'We don't have any to sell,' Ethel said at last; 'Susie and I had the finest taffy that we have ever made, and we had more than we usually do. We wrapped it in tissue paper and set it out on the big stones to get real cold, just as we always do before selling it, and when we went to get it, basket and all was gone. That Jim Fargo and his breaker gang had slipped in and stolen it. It was too late to make more; and we haven't as much money as we had this morning, for we spent for the materials. We wouldn't have had a bit of trouble to have sold every bit of it to-day. We had over two dollars worth.'

'Are you sure that Jim Fargo took it? Might it not have been someone else? I never knew Jim to steal.'

Her brother had a class in the Sunday-school composed of boys who picked slate at the mines, and he had considerable trouble to get Jim Fargo to attend; he was interested in the boy, as he was much brighter than the usual breaker boys, and was the recognized leader among them.

'Oh, he took it! We went down street to see if we could find out anything about it; and there was Jim and several others sitting on the grass outside of old Mr. Gordon's eating it. They denied taking it, even when they had their mouths so full that they could scarcely talk. I wish they had choked so badly that they would never want to steal any more taffy. They said that they thought that taffy must be growing on trees, and that it was time for it to be ripe, as theirs had fallen to them, and a lot more of such nonsense. Then I got cross and told them what I thought of them. Jim Fargo got up, he had his mouth empty by that time, and straightened himself up, and brushed the dust from his old ragged coat sleeve—you know he says he is going to be a lawyer like you that is his whole aim—well, he straightened himself up and said in what he thought was a very dignified tone:

'"I will admit, Miss Cameron, that the evidence against us is rather strong."' Ethel's tone was such a good imitation of Jim's, that her brother leaned back and laughed. "But every one is entitled to a doubt, and is not guilty until proven so. We did not steal your taffy; and as it seemed to be growing on the trees and falling to the ground, we saw no harm in eating it, as we do not often get a chance to taste things of this kind. Allow me to congratulate you on your ability to make excellent taffy. And if what we have been receiving, is a sample of the Sunshine, your society, scatter around—why—beg pardon. Miss Cameron, I don't think that I would want

The Birdies' Winter Song.

Constance M. Lowe, in 'Our Little Dots.')

Bitter blows the winter blast,
Flakes of snow are falling fast;
Not a sign of life or green
On the branches can be seen.

But we care not, for we find
Little children always kind,
And, when dreary winter comes
Feed us with delicious crumbs.

So, although the skies are gray,
We are singing all the day;
And we're happy, for we know
Little children love the snow!

any of your thunderstorms. You may tell your brother that I will not be at Sunday-school to-morrow."

'He tipped his old ragged hat and turned down the street as if he had been President of the United States instead of ragged Jim Fargo. Then the rest of his gang got up tipped their hats just like him and followed him down the street, looking the picture of injured innocence. I couldn't help getting cross after the way we had worked and all the money we lost.'

Ethel looked in her brother's face. 'Oh, Rob, do you really think he will stop Sunday-school? It will just about break up your class, for the others do just as he says. I am so sorry, and you have worked so hard to get those boys,' she said anxiously.

'I think that I can get them back. It does look suspicious, but I never caught Jim in an untruth. Don't worry, Pussy, it can't be helped.' Ethel knew that he cared more than he wanted her to know.

It was quite late that evening that Ethel was startled by a long ring at the bell, and she heard someone inquiring for Miss Ethel Cameron, and a very large old man came bustling into the room. It was old Mr. Gordon, who lived in a fine old place with his housekeeper, and a very large monkey, which seemed to be the only thing he cared for, and it was known that he did not like children or young people.

'Miss Ethel Cameron,' he said gruffly, stopping in the centre of the room, 'I want to know what you made this afternoon. I believe you call it taffy, it ain't fit for anyone to eat, let alone a monkey; but I didn't come to discuss that.'

'Your monkey!' Ethel exclaimed, 'Did he steal our taffy? Then Jim Fargo didn't take it after all.'

"'Excuse me, Miss Cameron, my monkey does not steal. I presume that he saw the taffy as he got loose this afternoon, and being of an inquisitive turn of mind, wanted to investigate it; and so took the basket that you had carelessly left out of doors, as I learnt from some boys. He threw a lot of the taffy to them, and seeing them eating it, got to eating it himself, and now he is very sick as he ate too much, or there may be something poisonous in it.'

'Oh, there is nothing in it to hurt him! It is just sugar, a little vinegar and soda. There was over two dollars worth in the basket, and we thought the boys took it.'

'Two dollars! Hump! It would be worth ten dollars to me if he was not sick. Made of sugar—a little vinegar and soda. I'll tell the doctor; no wonder he is sick after such a mess,' and the old man hobbled out of the room muttering half aloud, 'Sugar, a little vinegar and soda. Trash—trash!'

Half an hour afterward Ethel stood in the poorly furnished little house which Jim Fargo called home; for she had declared to her brother that she could not sleep a wink until she had told Jim Fargo that she was mistaken. Jim was surprised when she entered; he listened quietly to her apology, for her angry accusations had hurt him more than she ever dreamed—then he suddenly looked up, the tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled for a moment, then he was his old self again.

'Of course, I do not blame you, Miss Ethel, it is all right now. I know that it did look as if we had taken it, and I should have told you where we had got it, but—you must excuse me, but you took it so for granted that we had stolen it, that it made me angry, and I thought it did not matter what you did believe. I am sorry now, and I hope you will forgive me for speaking to you the way I did. It was not a gentlemanly thing to do—and not many would have bothered to come and—and explained it to me as you have. I will never forget it,' and he took the hand extended to him, in a warm boyish clasp.

'You will see me to-morrow at Sunday-school, and I will have the other boys there,' he said, meeting Rob's eyes with a new expression in his own. 'You can depend on me now, Mr. Cameron.'

God's Creature.

One day a boy was tormenting a kitten. His little sister, with her eyes full of tears, said to him: 'Oh, Philip! don't do that; it is God's kitten.'

That word of the little girl was not lost. It was set on wheels. Philip left off tormenting the kitten; but he could not help thinking about what his little sister said. 'God's kitten, God's creature—for he made it,' said he to himself. 'I never thought of that before.'

The next day, on his way to school, he met one of his companions unmercifully beating a poor, half-starved dog. Philip ran up to him and before he knew it, was using his sister's words, saying, 'Don't, don't do that, Ned; it's God's creature.'—'Christian Harvester.'

Boys Wanted.

(Carlotta Perry, in 'Evangelical Visitor.')

Boys who have eyes for the sister's grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.

Boys are wanted whose breaths are sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth deceit
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and bright
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.

Boys are wanted whose strength can lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose 'No' is a 'No' indeed,
And whose 'Yes' has an equal meaning.
Who are strong not only when life decrees
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practice its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

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LESSON VIII.—FEB. 21.

Jesus and the Sabbath.

Matthew xii., 1-13.

Golden Text.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days. Matthew xii., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, Feb. 15.—Matt. xii., 1-13.
Tuesday, Feb. 16.—Gen. ii., 1-3; Ex. xx. 8-11.
Wednesday, Feb. 17.—Num. xv., 27-36.
Thursday, Feb. 18.—Is. lvi., 1-8.
Friday, Feb. 19.—Is. lviii., 1-14.
Saturday, Feb. 20.—Neh. xiii., 15-22.
Sunday, Feb. 21.—Luke vi., 1-12.

1. At that time Jesus went on the sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungred, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat.

2. But when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto him, Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the sabbath day.

3. But he said unto them, Have ye not read what David did, when he was hungred, and they that were with him;

4. How he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests?

5. Or have ye not read in the law, how that on the sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the sabbath, and are blameless?

6. But I say unto you, That in this place is one greater than the temple.

7. But if ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.

8. For the Son of man is Lord even of the sabbath day.

9. And when he was departed thence, he went into their synagogue:

10. And, behold, there was a man which had his hand withered. And they asked him, saying, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath days? that they might accuse him.

11. And he said unto them, What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?

12. How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days.

13. Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth; and it was restored whole, like as the other.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

The Sabbath problem is one of the most prominent of the day. It would be half solved if professing Christian people would cease to break it, if there were to be no travel on their part, save in the most emergent cases, if pleasure excursions, and the direct or indirect encouragement given to the profaning of the Sabbath were to cease.

As to what constitutes a proper observance of that day, each one in large measure must determine for himself. Perhaps you will say at once that such a rule as this would not amount to anything, for it would in effect be telling each one to do as he pleases with the day. But this is not correct. No live Christian man will wish, or ought to wish, that someone else fix his rules of conduct for him. He is given intelligence and conscience that he may do this for himself, under the guidance of the Word of God as the Spirit leads him to understand it. Human advice is well, as it sheds light upon doubtful points, but the decision ought to rest in the person himself.

The scenes of this lesson are in and near Capernaum, toward the middle of his second year's ministry. You will notice that he is encountering opposition, and that he meets it with vigorous and searching replies.

Read the parallel passages Mark ii., 23-iii., 5, and Luke vi., 1-10. Also Luke xiii., 10-17.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verses 1, 2. 'At that time Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn; and his disciples were an hungred, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat.' The 'corn' here referred to was what we in the United States would call grain, that is, wheat or barley. The point of right and wrong, here was not one of taking what did not belong to them, but the doing of such a thing on the Sabbath. The law of Moses said, 'When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor, then thou mayest pluck the ears with thine hand,' etc. Deuteronomy xxiii., 25.

The Pharisees, with their hairsplitting distinctions over right and wrong conduct, and their blindness to the spirit of the law, immediately raised the question of the lawfulness of thus plucking and eating corn on the Sabbath.

3-8. 'For the Son of man is Lord even of the sabbath day.' Christ answers his accusers out of the Scriptures, citing three references to support his position. He first reminds them of the case of David taking the shewbread for himself and his men. I. Samuel xxi., 1-6. The idea is that David, in a time of emergency, broke the letter of the law, though he kept its spirit. Also now, the disciples might be said to work in gathering corn and rubbing in their hands to separate the chaff from the grain, but it was not labor such as would constitute a breaking of the Sabbath.

Again, Christ called attention to the fact that the priests had to perform actual labor on the Sabbath, in the service of the temple. Here again was proof that the command to keep the Sabbath could not literally apply to all work absolutely.

If they had, again, understood the passage from Hosea vi., 6, 'I desire mercy, and not sacrifice' (Revised), they would not have condemned those that were guiltless. The Pharisees were slavishly literal in their understanding of Scripture, they could not see beyond the mere outward forms.

'For the Son of man is Lord even of the sabbath day.' Mark says, 'And he said unto them, The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath: Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath.' Christ is our Lord, and if the Sabbath was made for man, then he must be Lord of the Sabbath, rather than restricted in his good works by it.

9-13. 'Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath days?' Later Christ entered into the synagogue, and there found a man with a withered hand. Here the question was put to Christ, 'Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath days?', but it was asked not for instruction but that his opposers might find some cause for accusation in him. They had apparently not yet given up all hope of catching him on the question of Sabbath keeping. If the needs of the body required one to pluck corn on the Sabbath, and this was shown to be right, how about healing the body? A man with a withered hand was not suffering in a manner which would not allow of his healing being postponed till the next day. Would Christ, then, heal him on the Sabbath?

Christ answers by showing that, if it be right, as implied by his question, to lift a sheep from a pit, it is even still better to heal a man on the Sabbath. It was better for the man to be well and happy on the day that was made for man's good, than for him to continue with his withered hand, and the sorrow that it caused him. So he healed the man without further discussion.

If phrases current in our day had been employed at the time of this lesson, Christ would have been called 'broad minded' and 'liberal' in his views. So, in the right sense, he was, and we enjoy to-day 'the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.'

But liberty to rise to a higher spiritual plane, and which gives a better knowledge of the will of God, is not to be confounded with license to run after temporal pleasures. It was right for the disciples to pluck a little corn to satisfy immediate hunger, but not to engage in reaping the field, or in making a great feast, on the Sabbath.

C. H. Mackintosh, in his 'Notes on Deuteronomy,' in which he discusses the Sabbath question at some length, says, 'The very thought of any one professing to love Christ engaging in business or unnecessary travelling on the Lord's day, would, in our judgment, be revolting to every pious feeling. We believe it to be a hallowed privilege to retire, as much as possible, from all the distractions of natural things, and to devote the hours of the Lord's day to himself and to his service.'

The lesson for February 28 is, 'Hearers and Doers of the Word.' Matthew vii., 21-29.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Feb. 21.—Topic—Some good ways of using the Sabbath. Mark i., 21-34.

Junior C. E. Topic.

HOW THE CHINESE LIVE.

Monday, Feb. 15.—'In the regions beyond.' II. Cor. x., 16.

Tuesday, Feb. 16.—'They being ignorant.' Rom. x., 3.

Wednesday, Feb. 17.—'Without a preacher.' Rom. x., 14.

Thursday, Feb. 18.—'Without the true God.' II. Chron. xv., 3.

Friday, Feb. 19.—'Without Christ.' Eph. ii., 12.

Saturday, Feb. 20.—'Without faith.' Heb. xi., 6.

Sunday, Feb. 21.—Topic—How the Chinese live. Rom. x., 14, 15.

Excuseless Excuses.

Excuses grow on every bush. You can find them everywhere. The easiest one to find is 'I am too busy.' So busy often that no little flower of heavenly mindedness can find a place large enough or a chance encouraging enough to grow. If you want a thing done do you go to the idler, the one on whose hands time hangs heavily? Why not?

We have just been made acquainted with the facts in the life of a worker in Massachusetts. He is a busy plumber and he often rounds up a hard day's work by sitting up till midnight writing articles and 'chalk talks' for a well-known Sunday-school journal and then starts out every Sunday morning to gather in a contingent of some thirty or more children from outlying districts, using an old vehicle of which he is both driver and proprietor, and then spends the rest of a happy Sunday teaching and singing and helping in every possible way in the Sunday-school. This is but one of many illustrations. Busy time is the best time. It is the most fruitful and the only time that has the promise of a blessing. He who can do much can do a little more. Don't offer the 'excuseless excuse.'—'Living Epistle.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date there on is Feb., 1904, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Little Child

(Mark Guy Pearse, in 'Methodist Times.')

It was a day in spring, a day when winter still lingered with a chill breath in the wind.

A little child had come down from the one room where the family lived. It was more pleasant in the crowded streets, life was easier and it was a happy escape from the room that was overcrowded. There was a drunken father and poor mother whose patience was worn out—she had just come back from the workhouse bringing another baby to add to the family and to add also to her own wants and the burdens it was hers to carry. No wonder the child was glad to get out into the streets for some change and the chance of play with the other children. Ragged and hungry though she was, yet even the east wind was better than the curse and snarl that met her at home.

To-day it chanced that Sister Constance going on her way passed the child. The little wistful face was turned for a moment to the Sister.

'Well, little one,' said Sister Constance, with a smile, then hurried on thinking no more of it. This smile and kindly word went down to the heart of the child as the sun's rays finds its way to the buried seed and turns it into a flower. But this little bit of kindness was to make more than a flower—it was to turn that wilderness of a home into a very garden of God.

With a new joy in her face the little one went skipping home, and up the stairs and into the room. It was a dreary place indeed. Its only furniture was a bedstead without a bed and a broken washstand. Nothing else was there, neither table nor chair. All that could be sold was gone.

In burst the child, bright-faced and with merry eyes. 'I've seen the Sister and she spoke to me.'

'What Sister?' growled the man. But as he turned to speak to the child the new brightness of her face went to his heart.

'The Sister from Cleveland.' 'All—and she spoke to me.'

'Oh, she spoke to you, did she?' said the man. His drunkenness it was that had brought them to all the misery of their surroundings. And yet so little a thing as a Sister's word and look could do so much to make the child happy. It smote him with a feeling of bitterness, the memory of it haunted him.

It was late one Saturday night shortly after that a man came into Cleveland Hall just as Sister Constance was leaving. He was much the worse for drink, but he insisted on seeing the Sister, and she came to him.

'Here, Sister,' said he, as he reeled against the passage wall, 'I want to sign the pledge.'

She hesitated about taking the pledge from a man in such a state; he was scarcely conscious indeed of what he was doing. But it was useless for her to refuse. The man insisted, and at last she fetched the pledge-book, and he managed to steady himself so as to sign the pledge.

Then the man fell down on his knees in an agony of prayer and cried to God to help him to keep the pledge. The tears fell from his face to the ground as he knelt and prayed, the Sister kneeling beside him in prayer. Afterward she took his name and address, and spoke to him all the words of encouragement she could.

'What made you come to me?' she asked.

'Well, you see, you spoke to my little one,' said the man. 'You looked at her and spoke to her.'

Then the poor fellow begged for some handbills of the services which he might distribute. 'I want to help somebody else,' said he. With these he went on his way, and the Sister, tired with the long day's work, went back to Katherine House.

She sat for a while by the fire until it came to be nearly twelve o'clock. Then suddenly she felt an overwhelming impression that she must go at once to the man's help. She hesitated doubtfully for a moment. It was so late, and besides, what could she do for him? But the impression was resistless. She hastily put on her things and started.

The man had finished distributing the bills and had come back to his room. The wife, sick at heart with all her misery and knowing that her husband had been drinking, had no welcome for him.

'I've turned over a new leaf,' he said, as he came in at the door.

'I'm sick of hearing about your new leaves,' said his wife. 'What you want is a new book.'

For a moment he stood and looked at the miserable room, the huddled children, the wife's sorrowful face. Yes, the woman was right. It was no good—there was really no hope, no help for him. Turning over new leaves came to nothing. He would end it all.

To the horror of his wife and amidst the screams of the children he snatched at an old razor that was lying on the washstand.

'I'll do for myself,' he cried, and raised his hand to cut his throat.

It was at that moment that Sister Constance came in at the door.

'Man, what are you doing?' she cried, and rushing forward she seized his arm and struggled with him until she wrenched the razor from his grasp.

'It might have been only a minute or two that I struggled with him,' she said, afterwards, 'but it seemed to me like an hour.'

She pacified him as well as she could, and told the wife that she too must do all that was possible to encourage him now that he had signed the pledge. Then the Sister prayed with them and left.

The next day the man and his wife and children were all at the service at Cleveland Hall. From that day to this the man has kept the pledge.

They have begun to make the home better. Now they have got a bed and bedding as well as a bedstead, and there are some chairs and a table. The rent is all paid, and they have food to eat.

In the autumn of the year Gipsy Smith was holding a mission at St. James's Hall. The man went to the services and there he stood up to declare the surrender of himself to God. At the end of the service he met Sister Constance.

'Sister,' he cried, his face shining with gladness, 'I have given myself to Christ.'

The day after as he was driving his cart he was thrown from it, and picked up insensible and carried to the hospital. There was a slight concussion of the brain. He soon recovered, however, but was unable to get work again, for his place had been filled. There followed a time of much trial to him; but his courage and faith have not failed him, and he holds on his way a changed man, and the home is as changed as the man himself.

So much from so little. A seed of love in a child's heart, and so soon a garden where God himself walks and talks with those that wait for him.

A Teetotal Factory.

Mr. Caine once explained the difference between an English and an American boot factory. He had visited a factory in a small town in Connecticut, which employed 1,200 workpeople, whose earnings averaged £3 a week. In connection with the factory was a fine institute with a public library of 12,000 volumes, and an establishment which contained elementary, higher grade, and technical schools. The dwellings of the workpeople were clean and healthy, and were without exception detached. He asked one of the officials how many of the workpeople were tee-total. 'Twelve hundred,' was the reply. 'Twelve hundred workpeople; twelve hundred teetotallers?' asked Mr. Caine. 'Yes,' said the official, 'they would have to go twenty-two miles to get any drink. We have a Local Option law, and there are no public-houses in the place. We took a vote on the subject immediately after we settled here. 'And how many people voted for it?' he inquired. 'Twelve hundred.' He afterwards visited a town in Northamptonshire, the population of which was 11,900, or practically the same as that of the American town. He arrived on a Monday afternoon, and said he would like to look over the factory before tea. 'It is not going to-day,' was the reply, 'we don't open on Mondays. They come so late, after the day off on Sunday, that we had to give up, and we open five days in the week.' He then asked if he could see the institute, and was met by the reply: 'What's that?' 'Where do the people go, then?' inquired Mr. Caine. 'We have got twenty-six public-houses.' 'Are there no clubs?' was his next inquiry. 'We have got five clubs,' was the reply, 'but they are worse than the public-houses.' The average earnings of the workpeople were 30s. a week.—'Alliance News.'

I Will Paint You a Sign.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
  And hang it on your door;
A truer and better signboard
  Than you ever had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
  And many will pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
  So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
  As you wait for that fair young boy
Just in the morning of manhood,
  A mother's pride and joy.
He had no thought of stopping,
  But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
  That he pauses to chat a while.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
  I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor
  Extended in each hand.
He wavers, but you urge him:
  'Drink, pledge me but this one,'
And he lifts the glass and drains it
  And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard—
  Only a year has flown;
But into this loathsome creature
  The fair young boy has grown
The work was quick and rapid;
  I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
  Under the winter skies.

I will paint the form of the mother
  As she kneels by her darling's side-
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
  Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
  Labeled with one word—'Lost.'
I will paint all this, rumseller,
  And paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow
  The crime and the want and the woe
That is born there in your workshop,
  No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller
  And many shall pause to view
This wonderful piece of painting
  So terribly, fearfully true.

—'The Christian Statesman.'

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Correspondence

THE ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

Dear Boys and Girls,—There are nowadays a great many 'societies,' circles, clubs, unions and associations. Most of these have as their object some form of improvement, the members feeling that they can accomplish more when banded together than when working separately. We have thought it might be a good plan to invite our readers to band themselves together by a simple pledge in a society all their own. This society will be called 'The Royal League of Kindness,' and will have for its object the promotion of kindness, pure and simple, amongst the members and their friends.

Everyone wishing to join the Royal League must send in his or her name to the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger,' promising to try to observe the following rules:—

To speak kindly to others.
To speak kindly of others.
To think kind thoughts.
To do kind deeds.

It looks very simple and easy, does it not? You may not find it so easy as you think it will be, but that is no reason for turning away or getting discouraged. The boy who keeps the spirit of this League is laying the foundations of true manliness and nobility. The girl who is a true member of this League will be always lovely and beloved.

Copy out these rules, sign your name and keep the pledge where you will see it once a day at least. But do not be content with saying or doing something kind once a day, because these rules refer to all that you say and do and think all day. These rules shut out all jealousy, malice, bearing of grudges, and ugly gossip.

You see I have not made it too easy to join, for a thing that is not worth any effort is not worth having; and I think of you as brave boys and girls who are willing to fight against ugly and bad habits so that your life may be beautiful and noble.

Your loving friend,
THE CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

THE DELLA MEMORIAL.

Routledge, Man.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has read about the little girl who wanted to be a missionary, but died. We are two wee boys and one little girl, and we receive some money for helping at home, and want to send enough to send the 'Messenger' to five little boys or girls. We don't get to church or Sunday-school, as we live too far away on the prairie from any town. We all love the 'Messenger' stories.

DOUGLAS, DONALD AND LILA.

Corliss, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I take the little 'Messenger,' and have taken it for eight years. I like it very much. I like to read the little letters. It is a good paper. I am 83 years old, somewhat older than the little readers of your paper. I should be lonesome without it. After I read it, I send it to others, so as to have it do all the good that it can. I am so glad there is so much good being done in foreign countries. One Sunday evening I was thinking how I wished I could do something to help the missionary work. I took up your paper, and the first words I saw were 'The New Year's Gift.' I read it. I herewith enclose 20 cents in stamps for the 'Della Memorial Fund.'

MRS. JAMES M. C.

Hillcroft, Moulmein.

Dear Editor,—I was so surprised to see my letter in print. I have been in the custom of reading the letters printed. One seemed strangely familiar to me, and, looking above, I saw that the address was Moulmein, Burma. I must wish you and all who are so kind in sending me the 'Northern Messenger' a 'Gladsome New Year.' It is very nice and cold here at present. We are situated on a hill, and so are somewhat colder than those down below. Moulmein is a little seaport town, a busy one sometimes. We have a Y.M.C.A. here, but no Y.W.C.A. Last Tuesday the Y.M.C.A. gave a nice little social. But it is not in Moulmein that my home is. I live in Rangoon, in the Cantonment. Every morning and evening we hear the band from the regimental lines near us. One of the prettiest places in Aangoon is the 'Royal Lakes.' It is a very beautiful sheet of water, and little islands spring up in it. From the entrance to the lake is a long avenue, winding round and round till the stand is reached. The regatta is held there every year. We also have the '1st Rangoons—The Boys' Brigade,' under my brother, Dr. Murray, the captain of the company. The boys are very interested in this work. One boy, who is a bugler, composed a hymn, to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers.' The boys, of course, consider this as 'chief.' My sister is also engaged in 'Y' work. I hope to, too, as soon as I am out of school. My school days will be over by March. I am sitting here alone in my empty class-room writing. I can hear all the other school children shouting and laughing in the grounds. Dinner is just over. We have our dinner at 5 p.m., a different hour to what we used to have it. When I was in Scotland we had dinner at 1 p.m. Out here everything changes. In my home in Rangoon the dinner hour is 8 p.m. I have a Sunday-school class with about forty children or more. I am very interested in my work. I am a member of our church choir. So with studies and Sunday duties you see I am very busy. Every Sunday after tiffin we have a nice little gathering together, however, and spend a pleasant time with singing, reading, etc. It is getting somewhat dark, and I am anxious to read my new 'Northern Messenger' which I received last night, so I will close now, by wishing all again a very Happy New Year.

MARY H.

Montreal.

Dear Editor,—I live in Montreal. My mother died a year ago. I am seven years old. We live in the middle of the city. Both my grandfathers are dead. I have only grandmothers now. We take the 'Messenger.' I go to the Aberdeen School. Good-bye, from

MARGARET HELEN P.

P.S.—My names are after my grandma and aunt Helen.

Williamsdale East, Cumb. Co.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old. I go to school. The schoolhouse is just a little way from where I stay. This is a very pretty place in summer. It is a country place. I like living here very well. It is good fun in winter coasting and sliding on the ice. There are quite large hills to coast down. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I used to live in Springhill, but this summer I came out and am now living with my uncle and aunt.

CECIL S.

Dawson Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village. My father is a farmer. I have six brothers and one sister. On Christmas Eve I set my plate on the table, and in the morning only found a note telling me to tend the cows, and I would find the presents, and when we came from milking we found a Christmas tree, and got all there was for me. My father is on a visit to Boston now. Next summer he is going to have a barn built. In the summer the boys of the place fish, bathe, pick berries and play games, and in the winter we skate, coast, and snowball. I like to read the 'Messenger.'

ORRIS D.

Inkerman.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl. I will be seven years old on March 21. I have one brother and two sisters, all older by many years than I am. My brother is married, and his wife's birthday is on the same day as mine. I have a white kitten named Daisy, and we have a nice dog; his name is Captain Jinks. I have one grandma living and one great-grandma, who is eighty-nine years old. My other great-grandma died this fall at the age of ninety-nine years and four months old. She was born away off in old Scotland, and came to Canada many years ago, when quite a young woman. I have no grandfathers at all now. I have not started to go to school yet, but intend to go when it comes summer. I have been getting the 'Messenger' for almost a year, and I like the children's letters, and the story of old Daph very much. I hope that those children get back to their papa and mamma all right.

KATIE ALICE C.

Campbellville.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm about three miles from Campbellville. I have one sister, and her name is Myrtle, and four brothers. We boys are all going to school. We live about two miles and a half from the schoolhouse. We drive on a one-horse sleigh, and we have lots of fun. Our teacher's name is Miss B. N., and we like her very much. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on Feb. 13.

RUSSELL L.

South Bay.

Dear Editor,—I took the 'Messenger' last year, and I have sent off stamps for it again. There are two Earl Colliers in this vicinity, so I sign it in my sister's name, Grace Collier; but I pay for it. Apples and other small fruits grow here, such as pears, plums, currants, etc.; but no oranges, lemons or bananas. The names of the books I have read are: 'Black Beauty,' 'Three People,' 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' 'Christie's Christmas,' 'Mrs. Solomon Smith Looking On.' I am reading 'The Boy Knight' now.

EARL C.

Middle Musquodoboit.

Dear Editor,—We generally have good skating here in the winter on the river. I belong to a Mission Band and a White Ribbon Army. We used to have a Band of Hope, but we have not any now. I have two brothers and two sisters. I am ten years old, and my birthday is on the tenth of April.

BESSIE C. B.

Truemanville, Cumb. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I will be eleven on Feb. 8. I have two little brothers, Charlie and Bennie Fred. In your March Birthday Book please put Bennie's name. His birthday is on March 25. He will be five years old. We have Sunday-school here in summer. I have two miles to go to school, so I cannot go in the winter. I would like Alice Silcox, Iona, Ontario, to write to me.

MARY B. S.

Anagance, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Anagance is not a very large place, but it is situated along the Intercolonial Railway. I live on a small farm at Anagance. We have one horse, two cows, one heifer, two calves, two doves, one pig, two cats, and a number of black and white hens. We go fishing on the Anagance River and the Mill Brook. Our school is about a mile from where we live. I have one sister and two half-brothers. My sister's name is Mary. She will be nine years old on Feb. 18. I would like to have Mary's name in your Birthday Book. I have only taken the 'Northern Messenger' a short time, but I enjoy reading the stories, and especially the correspondence page. We have lots of honey from our bees. We have a large flower-garden and quite a large orchard of apples, plums, cherries, pears, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, and currants. I am eleven years old. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success,

RUTH S.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

HOUSEHOLD.

Veal Potpie.

Veal potpie is a triumph of the American housewife. Comparatively few people succesd in making the crust light, flaky and perfect as the pastry of a French chef, yet permeated with all the savory flavor of the meat. It is always made of a much cheaper portion of the meat, like that from the shank or the shouder. Boil a part of the shank bone with the remnants of the meat clinging to it, for about two hours. Brown two pounds of the lean meat from the shank in a tablespoonful of butter. Season the pieces well and when they are thoroughly browned cover them with about a quart of the stock from the shank bones. Let the browned meat simmer in the stock for about two hours. At the end of this time the meat should be thoroughly tender, and there should be only just enough stock around it to prevent the dumplings from falling into it and yet enough to prevent the meat from scorching. To make the dumplings sift two cupfuls of flour, either pastry or bread flour, with a saltspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder. Wet the sifted materials by stirring in a cupful of rich milk and put the batter over the top of the meat in large spoonfuls, being careful not to allow the dumplings to sink far below the liquid. Cover the potpie as closely as possible and let the stew boil hard for from ten to twelve minutes. There must be enough gravy to prevent the meat from scorching, and yet not enough to allow the dumplings to sink into it and become heavy and sodden before they have a chance to rise. In fact, the dumplings are really held up on the meat and cooked in the steam of the gravy. They should not be put in until about ten minutes before the stew is done. They should be taken up when done and arranged in a circle on a hot platter. The meat should be laid in the centre, and the gravy in the bottom of the pot should be thickened and seasoned. If it has been boiled down too much there should be water added to it. It should be boiled up again for a moment and poured over the meat, not over the dumplings, which should form a white flaked border to the meat and gravy. A tender, well-cooked veal stew, a lamb stew, or a white fricasse of chicken is the only stew appropriately served with a border of dumplings cooked over it. The dumplings must always be as light, flaky and tender as biscuit, permeated with the savoriness of the meat they are served with. It must be the very lightest and whitest of crusts. There is no excuse for a heavy streak in the crusts and no reason for it except unskilful management.

Only delicate meats should be used in potpie. Beef or turkey is too strong in flavor to be used with dumplings. Pork and mutton are too greasy. An old hen, in spite of the popular prejudice in favor of using her in this way, is not fit for potpie.—'Catholic News.'

The Baby.

For the first week or two the infant requires but little care; he must be bathed, dressed, fed and kept warm, otherwise for the most part left alone to gradually learn to know that he is alive, to make use of his different organs and senses. This process of development, while feeble, is quite as much as he is able to stand; it must come slowly; do not attempt to force matters where he is concerned. He does not require handling other than what is necessary during the process of bathing and dressing, with an occasional turning from side to side, simply to change the position. More than this is not good for him. Then he must be kept warm. To do this, remember, it is not necessary to overburden him with wraps or keep the room at a hot-house temperature; if you do, you will have a baby as tender as a forced plant. Select the clothing for its lightness and warmth combined; if the weather is at all cool, be sure that each little garment is warm before putting it on the baby. Do not put the socks on while the feet are cold; warm these little members with your own warm hands, or before an open fire. Warm the hands in the same way, and, if necessary, draw a pair of worsted mittens over them, and let them remain for a while until the hands are perfectly warm. Have a little Afghan shawl always ready to throw over the child. A very thin comfortable made of eider-down is ideal for this purpose, as it is exceedingly light in weight, and surprisingly warm; it is also the best possible covering at night.—Marianna Wheeler, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Selected Recipes

Whole Wheat Gems.—Beat one egg until thick and light, add one cupful and a half of milk. Add gradually sufficient whole wheat flour to make a drop batter of medium thickness. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and two scant teaspoonfuls of baking powder, beat well for five minutes then bake in gem pans heated and greased.

Water Pudding.—Moisten four tablespoonfuls cornstarch in a little cold water. Pour over it one pint of boiling water, and stir over the fire and cook for twenty minutes. Remove from the fire, add one cup of sugar, the juice of two lemons and half the grated rind. Pour while hot over well-beaten whites of three eggs. Turn into a glass dish and set away to cool. Serve with sliced oranges and vanilla sauce.

Whole fish should always be broiled on the flesh side first, then turned and broiled until brown and crisp on the skin side.

Bread, rolls and other similar dishes require a hotter oven when mixed with water than when milk is used.

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The 'Messenger' is at once the cheapest and most interesting paper published of its kind.

The Subscription rate for Sabbath school clubs is only twenty cents a year.

If your school already takes another paper, perhaps some particular class would try the 'Northern Messenger.' The 'Messenger' stories would prove a real incentive to regular attendance and would be helpful in every home the paper entered.

Our experience is that if one class gets it the whole school will order it before long. The circulation of the 'Northern Messenger' has grown with leaps and bounds, numbering to-day over sixty thousand copies a week.

Superintendents or teachers may have it on trial for four consecutive weeks, **FREE OF CHARGE**, in sufficient numbers to give a copy to each family represented.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C. Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 84,511, Donia Charron, Vercheres, Que., medical composition for cow fly; 84,605, Joseph Ls. Kieffer, Montreal, Que., work gauge for shoe sewing machine; 84,606, Joseph Ls. Kieffer, Montreal, Que., take-up device for shoe sewing machine; 84,614, Joseph Ls. Kieffer, Montreal, Que., shoe and leather sewing machine; 84,715, Joseph F. X. Trotier, Montreal, Que., telegraph transmitter; 84,809, Fred. Corus, Elmwood, Ont., gate; 84,824, Robert Burnside, Montreal, Que., vibration box cup; 84,991, Arthur Beauvais, Laprairie, Que., plough; 85,005, Hugues Sauvé, St. Timothée, Que., potato digger.

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BEAUTIFUL ALBUM

Quarto size, in full renaissance celluloid binding, with silk plush back, finely lithographed cover and beautifully decorated pages, the whole handsomely finished with Gold title, Gold border, Gold edges, and Gold spring clasp **FREE** for selling only 12 4oz. large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds**, at 10c. each. (A Certificate worth 50c. given free to every purchaser.) Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 81 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes. Everybody buys.** Send name and address to-day. Seed Supply Co., Dept. 407 Toronto.

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SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address plainly written and we will mail you postpaid, 3 doz. large beautiful packages of fresh Sweet Pea Seeds to sell at 10c. each. (A certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.) Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains **61** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell like hot cakes.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this real Columbia Graphophone exactly as illustrated, with spring motor, large metal amplifying horn; all handsomely enamelled, gold trimmed and nickel plated, also one musical and one song record—Hiawatha, Dixie Girl, Annie Laurie, Carry me back to Old Virginia, My Old Kentucky Home, Old Oaken Bucket, Sally in Our Alley, My Wild Irish Rose, Kathleen Mavourneen, I'm going Back to Dixie, The Holy City, Home Sweet Home, etc., etc. Understand this is not a toy or a machine that must be turned by hand, but a real self playing Graphophone, with which you can give concerts in any size hall or room, as it sings, talks and plays, just as loud and clear as any $60.00 Talking Machine. Write for seeds to-day sure. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 409 **Toronto**

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For selling at **10c.** each only 2 doz. large beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, decorated in 12 colors and containing 42 of the most fragrant and large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie Speers, Mono Mills, Ont., says: "I took the Seeds to school with me and sold them all in 10 minutes." This **dainty** and **reliable watch** has **gold hands, fancy dial,** stem wind and set, **jeweled movement,** and is **beautifully enamelled** with **roses** and **leaves** in nature colors. Delia Shaw, Warton, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my watch. It is certainly very dainty. I did not expect anything half so pretty." Write us a **Post Card** for Seeds to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 414 TORONTO, ONT.**

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We have just purchased 30 handsome Fur Caperines, fully worth $10.00 each, from a large fur manufacturer in New York at a specially reduced price, which enables us to offer every Girl and Lady the best chance they ever had in their life to get a magnificent $10.00 Fur Caperine **Absolutely Free.**

Send No Money

Just your name and address plainly written, and we will send you postpaid, 3½ doz. large beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** the best in Canada, to sell at **10c.** a package. Every package is handsomely finished in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. You can easily sell them in half an hour, as they are positively the largest, the best and most beautiful packages ever sold for 10c. **Everybody buys them.** When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you one of these handsome Fur Caperines that could not be bought in any store for less than $10.00 cash. It is cut in the latest style with the long graceful fronts so fashionable this season, and is made of beautiful rich black Coney and fine imitation Sable Fur, with high Storm Collar 6 inches deep (fur on both sides), and extra wide cape extending well over the shoulders and lined throughout with the finest quality of Satin—the whole ornamented with six long full furred tails as shown in the illustration. Remember, we have only 30 of these elegant Caperines to give away, so send name and address at once, or you may be too late. **Seed Supply Co.,** Dept. 420, Toronto.

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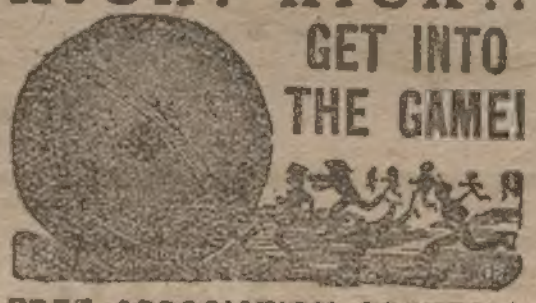

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Handsome Gold finished **Double Hunting Case,** richly and elaborately engraved in Solid Gold Designs, stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported Jeweled movement. The richest looking Hunting Case Watch ever manufactured, given for selling at **10c.** each only **3 doz.** large, beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **A Certificate worth 50c. free with each package.** Send name and address to-day, and we will mail the seeds post-paid. You can easily sell them in half an hour, and just as soon as we receive the money for them we will send you the handsome Watch shown and described above **absolutely free.** E. Lehman, Atha, Ont., writes: "I am more than satisfied with my watch. It is a good timekeeper and looks exactly like a $100.00 watch." Address **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 416 Toronto.**

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FREE

STEAM FIRE ENGINE made entirely of steel, iron and brass, beautifully finished, with driving wheel, shaft and piston, polished brass boiler and steam chest, Russian iron furnace compartment, brass steam pump with a suction hose and a long fire hose, with a brass nozzle, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds. Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 425 Toronto.

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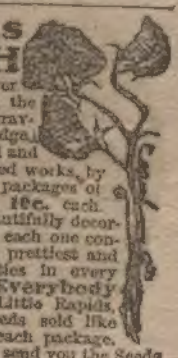
Send name and address, plainly written, and we will mail you, postpaid, **10** of our large beautiful fast-selling packages of Fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. (Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors, and contains **61** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color.) Sell them at 10c. each, return the money, and we will immediately send you, absolutely free, this beautiful Ring, elegantly finished in 14k Gold, and containing one very large magnificent flashing Austrian Diamond in the famous Tiffany style setting. The stone is wonderfully hard and brilliant, full of color and fire, and cannot be told from a real Diamond even by an expert. Write for the Seeds at once, and in a few days you will be wearing this magnificent Ring that never fails to attract attention wherever it is. The Seed Supply Co. Dept, 430, Toronto, Ont.

Earn This WATCH



With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only 18 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 455 , TORONTO, Ont.**

BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS FREE

GIRLS! We trust you with 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **Opal Ring, also a Gold** or **Silver** composition, full size curb chain **Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only 15 packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 401 , Toronto.

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 5 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 415 Toronto**

HANDSOME WORK BOX FREE

For selling only 15 large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 different colors and contains **61** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Write to day and we will send the Seeds postpaid, also 15 Certificates, one of which is to be given free with each package. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you this **Elegant Work Box,** with lock and key, ten inches long, six inches wide, made of highly polished wood, the cover handsomely decorated in many beautiful colors. It is lined throughout with satin, covered with rich gold designs and contains a pincushion, three compartments, a steel bodkin, a silver nickel needle case, and a pair of embroidery scissors. Ladies and Girls, don't miss this grand chance to get an Elegant Work Box for only a few minutes' work but send for [illegible] to-day. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT 411 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only 12 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return sale, and we will immediately forward your [illegible]. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 424 , Toronto.**

HIGH-GRADE TALKING MACHINE

20 Inches long. Uses either Victor or Columbia Records.

Reproduces Speeches, Songs and Music, equal to a $30 machine. Don't throw your money away, but take advantage of our generous offer. In order to introduce **Best Washing Blue** in every County in Canada, we have decided to give away the **"Grand"** Talking Machines, **Absolutely Free,** for selling only 36 packages of Washing Blue at 10c per package. **Don't Send a Cent, We Trust You;** order today, and we will send you the Washing Blue by mail, postpaid; when sold send us our money, $3.60, and we will promptly ship you this machine complete, with 25 points, including **a Coon Song. No charge for Boxing, Packing, etc.** It reproduces songs, speeches, band music, etc., as loud and clear as a $30 machine, and can be used at all entertainments and concerts, in any size hall or room. The base is piano finished, with concert sound box, and 14-inch Metal Amplyfying Horn.

SEVEN-INCH COLUMBIA DISC RECORD.

Used on the Grand Talking Machine.

MANY OTHER PREMIUMS EQUALLY AS VALUABLE.

FREE!

This Machine is open for inspection at our Offices.

We are giving away the **"Grand"** Talking Machines to quickly introduce our Washing Blue, and all we ask is that, when you receive the machine, which we give away absolutely **Free** for selling only 36 packages, that you will show it to your friends. This is a grand opportunity to get a fine Talking Machine for a very little work.

$100 Reward will be paid to anyone that can prove we do not give this machine as we say for selling only 36 packages of Washing Blue.

WRITE TO-DAY. Address

THE BEST CO.

DEPARTMENT 409,

TORONTO, - - CANADA.

FREE!

Ladies and Girls, You Can Earn This

Handsome Fur Scarf

In a Few Minutes

By selling at 10c. each, only 20 of our large beautiful packages of fresh **Sweet Pea Seeds,** the best in Canada. Every package is handsomely decorated in 12 colors and contains 61 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Our Sweet Pea Packages are positively the largest, the best and the most beautiful ever sold for 10c.

SEND NO MONEY

We trust you. Simply write us that you would like to earn this beautiful Fur Scarf and we will mail you at once, postpaid, the 20 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds, also 20 Certificates each worth 50c. one of which is to be given away **free** with every package. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you **absolutely free** this

HANDSOME FUR SCARF

Over 40 inches long, 5 inches wide, made from selected full-furred skins, with six fine full black tails, the very latest style. It is fully equal in appearance to any $10.00 Fur Scarf.

HELEN RAYMOND, Middlemarch, N.B., writes: "I received the Scarf and am much delighted with it, I had no idea of getting such a beautiful fur for so little work. The same kind of a Fur Scarf would cost $4.00 in our store."

MRS. GRAHAM, South New Bridge, N.B., writes: "I write to thank you for my beautiful Fur Scarf which was far ahead of what I expected. I have been pricing them in our store and find that I could not get one like it for less than $3.00."

Ladies and Girls don't miss this grand chance to get a Handsome Fur Scarf, for only a few minutes work, but **send your name and address today** and be the first in your locality to have our Seeds. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 484, TORONTO**

FREE! FREE!

A Pair of WIDE RUNNER SKATES any size FOR SKATING ON SNOW

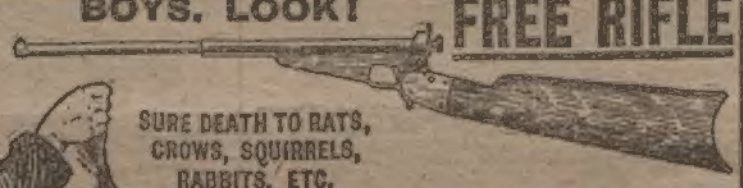
Barrels of fun for every Boy and Girl

No need to walk a mile to the nearest pond or stream or wait for ice to become safe. With our Wide Runner Skates, especially designed for snow skating, you can at the first fall of snow or sleet skate on street or sidewalk or coast, on the hillside. They are finely made of special steel, handsomely finished, strong and durable. **SEND NO MONEY** Just your name and address, plainly written and we will mail you postpaid 10 large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper," and "The Family Record," to sell at 25c. each. **A Certificate worth 50c. free to each purchaser.** Every Picture is handsomely finished in 12 different colors and is fully worth 50c. At 25c. you can easily sell 10 in half an hour. When sold, return the money and we will send you a **pair of Wide Runner** Skates, any size, absolutely free. Boys and Girls send your name and address to-day. **THE COLONIAL ART CO., Dept. 404 TORONTO**

FREE MAGIC LANTERN

Just send us your name and address on a Post Card, and we will mail you postpaid, 5 large beautifully colored pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "The Family Record," and "Rock of Ages." These pictures are beautifully finished in 12 different colors, and are well worth 50c. You sell them for only 25c. each, and give a free certificate worth 50c. to each purchaser, return us the money and we will immediately send you this large, well made, finely finished Lantern, with 3 fine focusing lenses, an excellent reflector, and a large lamp which shows a strong, clear, white light, reproducing the pictures in a clear, distinct form on the sheet. With the Lantern we also send 12 beautifully colored slides illustrating about 72 different views, such as Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Clown's performances, etc., etc., and full directions. Address, The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Moose Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. 423 Toronto.

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